

"So the queen waved her wand and out flew a red bird down into Jane's hand"—here the teacher slips a red bird of cardboard into the child's hand—"and the little bird began to sing Do-do-do."

The teacher sounds middle C and the child gazing at the red bird unconsciously fixes in mind the color and associates with it the C tone.

"This little bird always sings 'Do-do', so we call it the Do-bird Do-do, sing the same little song, children. Very good. Now the fairy queen let another little bird down from fairyland. It flew through the rainbow and fluttered into Ruth's hand," and the teacher hums softly "Me-me-me."

"Oh, the little Mi-bird," exclaim the children, while the teacher summons the little orange Re-bird and the little green Fa-bird, and shows where the five birds nest on the piano.

Then she produces a five-barred fence upon a sheet of gray paper and points out the favorite perching place of each.

In this manner the scale is developed—first, a singing bird colored to correspond with the scale of spectral colors, then the gray cards upon which the colored discs are patsed. The children visualize the colors readily, and sing and play the tones upon the piano.

Then Mrs. Hughey plays and the children find the corresponding colors from piles of discs.

After a time a melody is played and the children arrange very small colored discs to correspond

with it and mount it upon a staff.

Soon a child makes up a little tune upon the piano while the other children arrange the melody as it is played and mount upon paper charts.

"A child's imagination is very active and sensitive," declares Mrs. Hughey. "So I associate sounds and colors and to make the picture definite and reasonable, I give the colors the shape of birds because birds are pretty to look at and to listen to. Before the child realizes it he is able to sing the tone represented by any color shown to him."

THE KING

He has no crown and he has no throne,

And he rides no glittering steed;

And subjects do not bow at his feet,

But he is king indeed—

For every night when he ends his work

And marches up the street,

He knows that soon he shall hear the tune

Of a little boy's running feet,

A little lad, with a sunshine face

Will greet him with a shout,

And kiss his sorrows all away

And put his fears to rout—

And they will romp upon the floor

To the old tea-kettle's drone,

And a little lad's love shall be his crown,

And a little lad's heart his throne.

The Christmas turkey generally plays to a capacity house.